

Comadre

"Summercide"

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So I remember when he used to call my name.
He used those letters that I wish I could forget.
It was never the tone of his voice
or the people in his pupil's, no, not his choice.
It was something proper, but whatever, he was dying.

It was the summer suicide,
the sun was sinking into our moonlight.
And even when the night was blind,
we felt a ghost waiting by our suicide.
The summer suicide.

Now it's December, never useful, so dead's my game.
Now no one's cleaver, not like he was. I won't forget.
Now I hear about the moon and the mind.
Stealing hours, mornings, minutes, eating pride.
Now we're all proper, but whatever, I still cried.

It was the summer suicide,
the sun was sinking into our moonlight.
And even when the night was blind,
we felt a ghost waiting by our suicide.
The summer suicide.

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